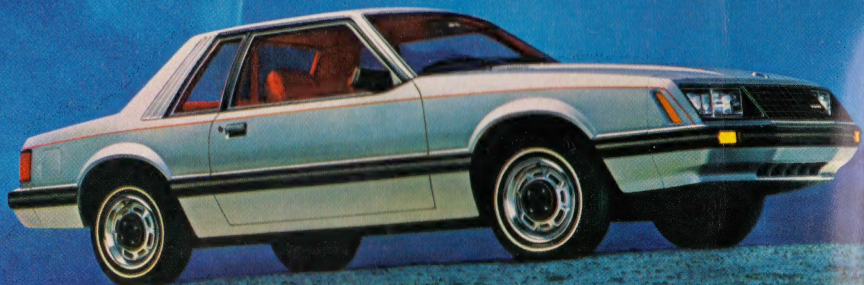


FORD TIMES

DECEMBER 1978



Christmas Card Masterpieces



INTRODUCING THE NEW BREED



Presenting a whole New Breed of Mustang for 1979. With dramatic new sports car styling and efficient aerodynamic design. Choose from four engines: standard 2.3 litre overhead cam, options of V-6, V-8 . . . even a Turbo-charged Mustang. See your local Ford Dealer today . . . test-drive one . . . experience Mustang '79 for yourself.

FORD MUSTANG '79

Brought to you through the courtesy
of your local Ford dealer, whose
name appears on the back cover.

FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

December 1978, Vol. 71, No. 12

**Consumer
Publications Manager**
P. E. McKelvey

Editor-in-Chief
Robert M. Hodesh

Managing Editor
Richard L. Routh

Senior Editor
Cara L. Kazanowski

Associate Editor
Michael E. Maattala

Food & Fashion Editor
Nancy Kennedy

Design Manager
Jerry L. Anderson

Art Director
Malcolm T. Young

Photography Director
Leonard P. Johnson

Circulation Manager
T. L. Bewick, Jr.

Production Manager
Cass M. Pawlowski

Board of Publishers
T. H. Mecke, Jr.
Chairman
R. A. Ablondi
B. E. Bidwell
O. W. Bombard
W. O. Bourke
B. L. Crumpton
R. J. Hampson
R. W. Hefty
G. B. MacKenzie
P. E. McKelvey
W. J. Moriarty
J. J. Morrissey
J. E. Sattler
W. S. Walla

Published monthly
and © 1978 by
Ford Motor
Company, The
American Road,
Dearborn, Michigan
48121. All rights
reserved. Printed
in U.S.A.

CONTENTS:

2 Bellhopping William G. Kelley

7 Bookworms Are Made, Not Born John H. O'Brien

12 Louis Prang's Christmas Card Masterpieces
Patricia Skarry Rutter

20 Angel Island Fanny-Maude Evans

28 Dolls That Combine Art and History
Mary Elaine Lora

37 The Mystery of the Balds Peggy Payne

40 Cross-Country Cookout
Cara L. Kazanowski

46 The White Bird of Green Pastures Lew Dietz

54 Catherine Clark's Christmas Recipes
Nancy Kennedy

59 Spider the Barbershop Wonder Dog
Rita Rogers Fuerst

24 Christmas Gifts for People on the Move
32 LTD: A New American Road Car
Michael E. Maattala

45 Letters

50 Favorite Recipes from Famous Restaurants

Cover: This delightful illustration from the Hallmark Historical Collection graced a Louis Prang Christmas card in the 1880s. Prang (1824-1909) was a color lithographer who became known as the "Father of the American Christmas Card." The story begins on page 12.





A winter on Miami Beach's "Strip" was full
of the sound of the desk bell ringing and heavy with
the weight of luggage lugged

WHAT WAS A KID from the Irish neighborhoods of Philadelphia doing in Miami Beach toting heavy suitcases for a dollar a bag?

It was only a lark, but I'll never forget those days on "The Strip," from the day I hopped in my We-Pay-You-To-Drive-It-Car that wild winter and pointed the steering wheel south to the day I left that opulent, sun-spilled paradise.

It was a warm December day when

I arrived, after having suffered three flat tires on the way down. But having arrived, what was I going to do to support myself? Or where for Pete's sake was I going to bunk down?

"You can have it for \$25 a week."

"I'll take it, I'll take it."

A greasy garage turned into a pit of a place to live. Now to get a job.

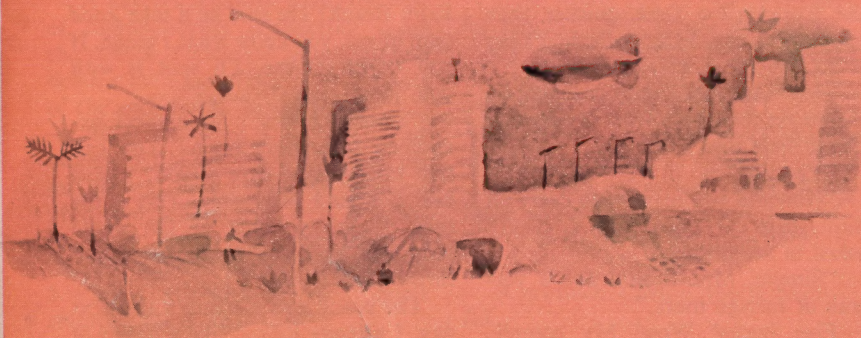
The Jockey Club: "Don't need any help."

The Fontainebleau: "Forget it."

by William G. Kelley

illustrations by Miles G. Batt

bellhopping



The Americana: "Are you kidding?"

The Eden Roc: "You wanna wash dishes?"

The Delmonico: "We'll call you if we need you."

"Hello."

"This is the Delmonico Hotel. We have an opening for a bellboy. Are you interested?"

"Yes, sir!"

Black pants, white shirt, black bow tie, black shoes, black vest. Brother, I looked like an undertaker.

"Kid, you stink," blurted Joe Bonnatucci, a 27-year veteran of suitcase slinging. "You couldn't carry a bowling ball bag and a loaf of bread in the same trip."

"Listen, you can carry four bags at a time if you lodge two under your armpits, grab two more by their handles and let them cushion the two in your arms. You'll make a mint in tips and the guests will love your act."

Bing.

That was the Pavlovian bell signaling the bellhop to get his tail over to the Registration Desk quicker than you could say Milton Berle (They loved him there, *loved* him).

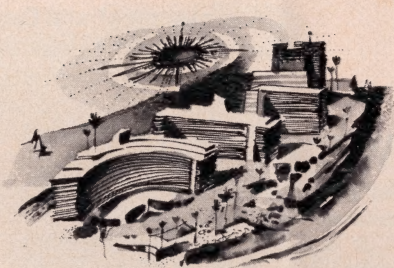
"Mr. and Mrs. Smith checking in. Please get their bags from the car and check them into room 303."

"Yes, sir!"

"How did you manage to carry all those bags at once?" Mrs. Smith asked in astonishment.

"Simple, Mrs. Smith. I'm a veteran of foreign tours."

Five bucks! Wow! My compli-



ments to Bonnatucci.

Bing.

"Check-out in 207. Get moving."

(Why doesn't this elevator work when you need it?)

"Where were you? I called down five minutes ago."

"The elevator was in use, Mr. Leibowitz."

"You should've climbed the steps."

(I was going to tell him to climb them but I needed the job.)

"Listen and listen carefully. I'll take *good* care of you if you can get me to Palm Beach quickly."

"Bonnatucci, can I get a couple of hours off to drive Mr. Leibowitz to Palm Beach? He said he'd take *good* care of me, you know what I mean. If you cover for me, I'll split it with you."

"Twenty bucks!" Bonnatucci exclaimed two hours later. "You call that taking *good* care of you? Listen kid, this isn't Monopoly. This is for *real*. Watch yourself or the whole strip will nail you to the wall and throw darts at you."

The beach was a steamer the next day. I already looked like a native of

the Bahamas. I loved the night shift. It gave me the days to bathe in the Miami sun.

"I been trying to figure out who you look like. I think it's Cary Grant, that's who."

"Thank you, Mrs. Sobel. And you look like Ruth Gordon — a little." (I had spent much of the previous night chasing Cokes for Mrs. Sobel while she enjoyed a hot streak in bridge.)

"I *do*?"

Bing.

Yip, yip, yip. (Pavlov's dogs had nothing on bellhops.)

"Mrs. Sobel wants *you* to bring her a cinnamon cake and a Coke."

(I had just seen her. She didn't say anything about a cinnamon cake and a Coke.)

"So good to see you *again*, Mrs. Sobel. No bridge tonight?"

"A little later. You know something. I've been thinking about what you said. It's true."

"You lost me, Mrs. Sobel."

"About me looking like Ruth Gordon."

A day off. Hialeah Park, the roar of thoroughbreds thundering down the stretch. Flamingos sidling up and down a man-made lake in the middle of the race track. Beautiful.

"Kid, you want a tip? Put your money on the No. 2 horse." (Hey, the guy giving the tip is one of the Dolphin football players.) I put my money on the No. 3 horse. I always thought football players were dumb. \$36.80. That's what the No. 2 horse returned for a \$2 bet.

Bing.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sirloin checking in."

"Herb," Mrs. Sirloin called to her husband as soon as we reached their room, "the television doesn't work. It doesn't *work*, Herb."

"Let me look at it, Mrs. Sirloin."

She was right.

"Herb, I *can't* stay in this room without a television."

"Let me call downstairs, Mrs. Sirloin."

"Yes."

"Mr. Singer, Mrs. Sirloin says she can't stay in this room. The television isn't working."

"Who comes to Miami Beach to watch television? Tell her we'll send someone up to fix it."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Sirloin. The repair man will be up shortly to fix it."

"Herb, don't give him a tip until it's fixed."

Tips had been terrible in February. Too many guests staying too long. No turnover. I moved to the day shift.

"Get up to 223," Bonnatucci said. "Caruso wants you to run an errand for him."

Caruso the jeweler. Big shot with the custom-made suits, alligator shoes and monogrammed (JC) shirts. Wears a ring on almost every finger. Good tipper though.

"Yo, kid. How are you? Take these shirts to the cleaners for me, huh? See if you can get them back by five."

A sawbuck. Caruso, you're beautiful.

Bing.

"Room change. 411."

(Darn! Room changes are the biggest pain for a bellhop.)

"Now, take it drawer by drawer. They're the same kinds of drawers in the new room. Just bring back the empty ones and put them in. I refuse to pack again and then unpack again. I didn't ask for a room under a symphony. And don't forget the clothes in the closet."

"Don't worry about a thing, Mrs. Weiss."

"And don't forget my hair dryer."

Bing.

"Check-out. Room 319."

(What is this? A gymnasium? Everything from tennis rackets to golf bags to soccer balls to barbells — and I'm not lifting them.)

"You think you can carry this stuff?"

"No, I have a hernia."

Bonnatucci scorched my ears, but I didn't care. Barbells weren't my thing. I wondered who checked *her* in!

Bing.

"333. Get going."

(Oh, Slugfelder, the pinball wizard. Slugfelder fixes pinball machines for a living. Can you imagine that? It's like licking stamps for a living. Anyway, Slugfelder loves to be waited on. If he wants his shoes shined, he

gives them to me to take to the shoe-shine boy. If he wants aspirin, I gotta go to the pharmacy. If he wants his car, I have to get Marty the doorman to have it ready a half hour in advance. And to boot, I have to put up with his lousy jokes.)

"There you are. Listen to this one. Did you hear about my uncle the magician? He walked down the street the other day and turned into a bar, ha, ha, ha. Get it?"

"Funny, that's really funny, Mr. Slugfelder. The desk captain said you wanted to see me."

"Yeah, run up to Pumperniks for me, will you? I'm dying for a corn beef on rye with cole slaw."

(See what I mean about the pinball wizard?)

It was getting on to April and the suitcases were getting heavier, the days longer, the tips smaller. Bonnatucci was continually grouching because things were slow and he wasn't making much money. My garage was closing in on me. My back was hurting bad.

Bing.

"I quit."

I took the train home. Thirty cramped hours.

"What's it look like, doc?"

"Bad."

"How bad?"

"Degenerated."

Ten days later I had a scar running the length of my back from a disc operation. A bummer. Well, on to another profession.

Bing.

□





Bookworms Are Made, Not Born

by John H. O'Brien

illustrations by Robert Boston

ALL ADDICTS ARE alike in that they begin with the weaker, relatively harmless materials and graduate to stronger, harder stuff. And so it was

with me, the boy bookworm.

From dabbling in the edifying pages of the works of Horatio Alger, Jr., whose heroes were always poor,

honest, and predictable, I moved to the Rover Boys and Tom Swift, who owned an electric rifle! The adventures of *Frank on the Mississippi* and *Frank on a Gunboat* and the experiences of *A Plebe at West Point* and *A Midshipman at Annapolis* added flavor for a growing appetite.

An observer, noticing that I also read my sisters' books about the Bobbsey Twins, the Motor Girls, and The Little Colonel, could have guessed what was happening to me. But little did I realize that within me was the embryo of a bookworm beginning to be born.

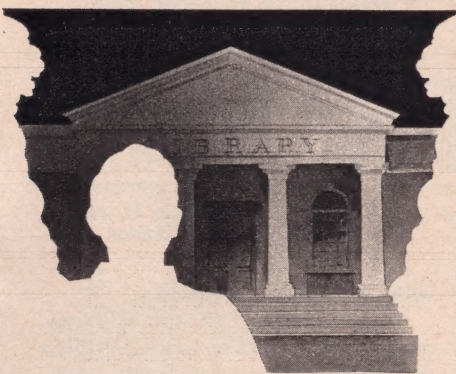
My physical appearance did not give a clue to my growing habit. I was not your pale, scrawny stereotype of a bookworm. Because I did not wear glasses, I was not known as "Four Eyes," the standard nickname for all little scholars. I played a fair first base on the corner vacant lot (good field, weak hit), could tackle, run, and pass without disgrace, and I had learned to

ice skate on the blades and not on the sides of my ankles. I was either a normal boy or one whose abnormality was carefully hidden.

What sent me over the brink and around the bend was an innocent decision to take out a public library card. The decision was one of free choice partly assisted by happenstance. The Library Commission of my city had chosen a site midway between my home and my school for the construction of a massive, marble Main Library. I trudged past it twice a day and noticed that the northeast corner of the first floor had been set aside as The Children's Room. I entered, was issued a card, and my fate was sealed.

It ought to be explained that when I was a boy the public library was not considered an adjunct of the school or a teaching aid. The school taught you to read — period. Our own school library was a total loss, rarely used by anyone. Applying for a public library card was an act of the will.

I cannot remember now the exact moment when I became hooked on books beyond any hope of rehabilitation, but I can make a shrewd guess. I read *The Three Musketeers* and there was no turning back. I became D'Artagnan, dueling with the Cardinal's swordsmen behind the Cathedral at midnight. Soon I was Jim Hawkins hiding in the apple barrel, in *Treasure Island*. I knew a boy in my block who could have stepped into *Captains Courageous*, except that Kipling's young snob reformed and mine never did, as far as I know. I changed races



to become *The Last of the Mohicans*, reverted and became Leatherstocking, tracking through the forest primeval. The clinching proof that I was now an addict came when in reading James Fenimore Cooper I did not skip the parts with Cooper women and girls in them. I was beyond salvation.

If The Children's Room was a long step upward or downward, it was the passage from there to the adult rooms and shelves upstairs that completed the process. I discovered that the Dumas had not only continued the adventures of the Musketeers, but had produced whole new exciting series. So had Cooper and Kipling and a new man named Charles Dickens. Farewell to the familiar Tiny Tim and Bob Cratchit and hello to *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Oliver Twist*, whom I also became.

Kipling had shown me that poetry is not necessarily sissy reading for boys and Macaulay had me standing at the bridge with brave Horatius as he declaimed:

*"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods?"*

Macaulay wrote proper young male stuff, in my opinion, and in my opinion Tennyson didn't. Sir Galahad started off fine ("My good blade carves the casques of men; my tough lance thrusteth sure . . ."), but his heart was a little too pure for me. *The Charge of the Light Brigade* was fine,



though. I was still in the martial casque-carving and lance-thrusting stage of boyhood, and it was only some years later that I learned that charging into cannon to right of you, cannon to left of you, and cannon in front of you was a tactical blunder of the first order, and that celebrating it in poetry really didn't help much.

But, of course, the young addict does not critically analyze; he con-



sumes what is in front of him.

With the passage of time, my appetite gradually met its match in books I could not swallow or when swallowed would not digest. There was a room labelled Music & Drama which I tentatively entered, knowing very little of either. Close to the door on a right-hand shelf was a long series of books — tall, slim, bound in apple green that I can still vividly visualize — by someone called George Bernard Shaw, heretofore unheard of by me. I dipped into Volume I, felt a hook tighten and set, and went through the shelf with a persistent industry never demonstrated in home or school.

Why did I do this? I did not really understand what the books were about. Certain stage characters were understandable, their lines frequently amused, but what was Shaw trying to tell me? The answer came some time later, about the time I discovered what Joseph Conrad was all about. With Conrad, though, I found *Youth*, a story I did understand and would never have to reread. I have, though, about a dozen times down the years.

I had reached a stage at which my reach exceeded my grasp. My addiction was now satisfied with what I could comprehend in adult books. It was good to know that the future was bright, that my habit would be fed for the rest of my life not only by authors already on the shelves but by those now (and now means always) just sitting down to write. If I wanted to consume it, there would always be those eager to push the stuff.

Not too far ahead of me was John Galsworthy and all those Forsytes; yards of Anthony Trollope; the prose and poetry of Poe; some, not all, of Sir Walter Scott and on and on and on.

The card catalogue at the library was not a menu of main dishes, but a smorgasbord a hundred feet long. I sampled and sampled.

Has this addiction served me well or ill? Could the boy sprawled on his elbows on the floor, reading a book, or the man seated in a chair or at a desk, still reading, have occupied his time in some better way? It is too late now for speculation.

Besides, I do not have the time to think about it. The reviewers are recommending a quartet of novels by a Paul Scott dealing with the British Empire in India during World War II and its aftermath. The library closes in an hour, and I must be off. □





LOUIS PRANG'S

CHRISTMAS CARD



by Patricia Skarry Rutter

Photos courtesy of Hallmark Cards, Inc.

Masterpieces

HIS NAME MAY already be familiar. Remember the 1975 Christmas postal stamp of a cherub ringing a bell and the small print, "Early Card by Louis Prang"? Or perhaps you've seen the name Prang on a box of water colors or fat crayons. Louis Prang (1824-1909), color lithographer and "Father of the American Christmas Card," created some of the finest greeting cards in the world.

His Victorian cards, printed in 8 to 20 colors, were treasured even in his own time. By cablegram, the Crown Princess of Prussia, daughter of Queen Victoria, ordered from his publishing house near Boston.

In 1889, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, orator and author of *The Man Without a Country*, wrote: "To my mind, the most interesting place in Boston is Prang's printing house. Whenever I have a very grand friend visiting me, I always take him there to see Christmas cards made."

For the German immigrant Prang, only the very best art would do. "With this in view, he inaugurated prize contests on a scale never before attempted," wrote Ernest Dudley Chase (artist and long-time Rust Craft editor) in his authoritative his-





tory, *The Romance of Greeting Cards*.

The Christmas card competitions, open only to American artists, brought entries from such noted painters as Elihu Vedder, Thomas Moran, Will H. Low, Julian Alden Weir and Rosina Emmet. The resulting exhibitions of card designs became the talk of the New York art world of the 1880s.

Many entries which did not claim one of the coveted cash prizes were purchased for publication purposes. Thus, Prang's contests proved valuable in providing the very best work of professional artists as well as a great variety of subjects and styles.

To secure the best in verses, Prang turned to then-popular poets such as Mrs. C. Thaxter, Mrs. Emily Shaw Forman and Hopetill Goodwin — and even to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Sometimes he paid almost as much for a good poem as for a good drawing, according to Dr. Larry Freeman in *Louis Prang: Color Lithographer, Giant of a Man*. This is in keeping with an industry rule of thumb: The

sentiment or verse sells the card.

Prang's Christmas designs were of ten floral. The Killarney rose, his favorite, appeared again and again. In fact, the rose played much the same role as holly, mistletoe and poinsettia do today. Nature scenes, Santa Claus, reindeer and the Christmas tree were also featured.

Many silk cord "hanging cards," labored over by women finishers in long dresses who worked in the Fringing Room of Prang's factory, found their way to parlor walls. Also, there were fan-shaped cards with fringes and tassels, elegant satin-and-plush ones, and some with a blown glass frosting simulating snow.

Prang surpassed his contemporaries, Currier and Ives, in printing technique. While both did lithographic printing (printing from writing or drawings made on stone), Prang developed a method he dubbed "chromolithography," whereby he printed directly in color.

For his cards, he used no less than eight stones, each providing a different color. Currier and Ives, on the other hand, used only one stone which printed black. Therefore, to finish each individual print, their female employes had to brush on watercolors by hand.

Just after the Civil War, about 10 years before Prang began printing Christmas cards, he used chromolithography to reproduce oil paintings and water colors; he called these prints "chromos." Difficult to tell from the original, they were snatched



Gone to the Wood-land
Where the holly grows
When the pine and myrtle bend beneath the snow
Gather them for Jesus wreath them
for his shrine

up by an America eager for color art in its homes and at a reasonable price.

But back to his Christmas cards. One (about 5½ x 8 inches) shows Henry Wadsworth Longfellow sitting before a fire with three children closely gathered about him, perhaps listening to bedtime stories. The verse in the lower left reads:

*Between the dark and the day-
light,
When the night is beginning to
lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occu-
pations
That is known as the Children's
Hour.*

On the reverse side is Longfellow's poem, "Christmas Bells," with an appropriate design.

Another card, depicting a winter farm scene — bringing home the cows — bears this charming verse: "The snow is on the hill-side, and bitter is the weather; but by the Christmas fire-side we'll sit and sing together."

Other Christmas cards had such titles as "Going Home," "Christmas Light," "Merry Christmas Morning," and "Hark! The Children Sing."

Prang also published birthday, New Year's and Easter cards. Many of these were made by gluing together a bit of cotton batting perfumed with sachet powder. Often the entire card was surrounded by silk fringe. These proved quite popular since they could be used long after the occasion.

Books containing sample cards shown to the dealer in the 1880s reveal that wholesale prices were eight

cents per dozen for tiny 1 x 2-inch floral cards to \$1 each for fancy greetings. The most costly ones were those with a stamp on the back attesting that the designer had received one of Prang's cash prizes.

In an article published in the December, 1884, issue of *Wide Awake Magazine*, Mr. M. E. Hollingsworth quotes a poor girl touring Prang's factory: "I buy and present to myself every year . . . the most beautiful Christmas card that I can possibly afford — one that I think I shall like to keep and see around. Last Christmas I was especially fortunate; I bought the lovely Longfellow card, and then Aunt Lizzie sent me some Jean Robie Roses.'" (Robie was a well-known painter of flowers, fruit and still-life who designed cards for Prang.)

While acclaimed for his excellent greeting card craftsmanship, Prang's crowning work was actually the production of illustrations of a famous collection of Oriental ceramic art owned by the Messrs. Walters, father and son, of Baltimore. They found him to be more skilled than the great lithographers of Europe.

Years earlier, when he entered the greeting card business by adding the words "Merry Christmas" to his prize-winning floral-bordered business cards, Prang had no idea that within five years he would be turning out five million cards annually with the help of 300 employees. And, for the 20 years he remained in the business, the superiority of his cards went unchallenged.

He finally withdrew from the field, along with other publishers of expensive cards, when cheap German imports flooded the market and the penny postcard craze took hold. That was about 15 years before a new group of publishers like Hallmark, American Greetings, Rust Craft and Norcross made their debut.

Always conscious of his role as art educator of the masses through his greeting cards and chromos, at age 70 Prang stepped up a long personal campaign to introduce art education to the public schools. Practical-minded, he developed art instruction books and supplies. And at this venture he was likewise successful. Schools took to them on sight.

Today, many of Prang's greeting cards are hidden in private collections. However, the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Massachusetts, has 70-some volumes of his early

cards, and the Boston Public Library has a considerable collection of Prang's greeting card sample books, donated in 1921 by his widow.

In Watkins Glen, New York, there is a nonprofit collectors' group called the Prang-Mark Society, interested in Prang chromo prints and cards. A large collection of originals under the auspices of the American Life Foundation, Watkins Glen, is open to the public each summer at no charge.

If America has had its Santas, surely Prang was one. He carried no dolls, toy soldiers or drums in the sack slung over his shoulder. But, for a nation that had known little color, he shook out boxes of water colors, crayons, art instruction books, fine chromo prints, beautiful book illustrations and, of course, countless Christmas cards — miniature masterpieces which, having grown old, are all the more treasured today. □



These entertainment systems for '79 give you our biggest selection ever!

Check this expanded lineup of Ford factory-installed entertainment systems:

- ☐ AM Radio
- ☐ AM Radio with digital clock
- ☐ AM Radio with Stereo 8-Track Tape Player
- ☐ AM/FM Monaural Radio
- ☐ AM/FM Stereo Radio
- ☐ AM/FM Stereo Search Radio
- ☐ AM/FM Stereo with Cassette Tape Player
- ☐ AM/FM Stereo with 8-Track Tape Player
- ☐ AM/FM Stereo with Quadrasonic 8-Track Tape Player

☐ New! Electronic AM/FM Stereo Search Radio with Quadrasonic 8-Track Tape Player.

Its major features include: electronic tuning, drift-free reception, 5 tuning modes including 5 AM and 5 FM touchbuttons, digital frequency readout, easy-to-read controls and flat-face styling.

☐ 40-Channel Remote-Control CB Transceiver

☐ Plus, the new Premium Sound System

Find out more about the features and model availability of Ford factory-installed entertainment systems.

Write for the free booklet, "Dimensions in
Sound '79".

Ford Electrical and Electronics Division

Business Planning Office

P.O. Box 412

Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197



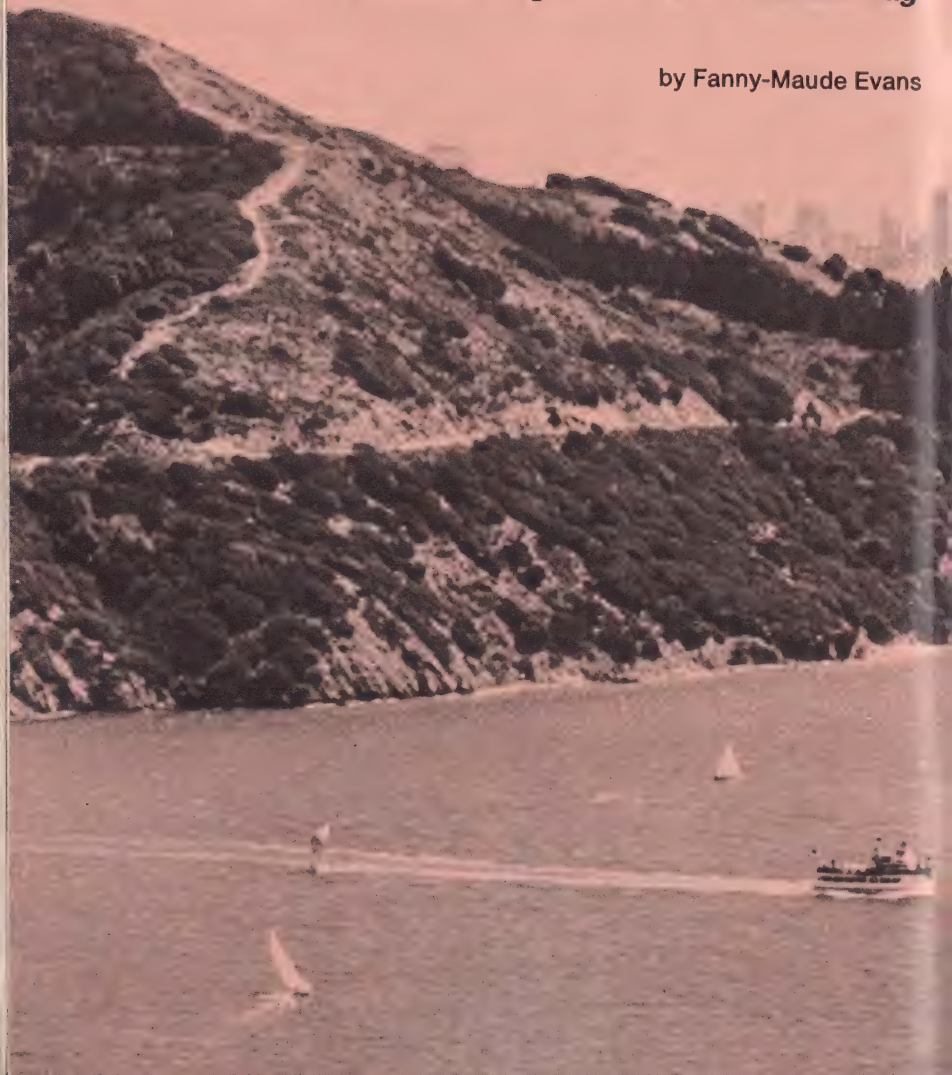
Electrical and
Electronics Division



ANGEL ISLAND

A pleasant surprise in San Francisco Bay

by Fanny-Maude Evans



ISOLATED, YET CLOSE enough to visit in a day, Angel Island, the largest island in San Francisco Bay, is often missed by tourists, though Angel Island State Park has something for everyone. Mountains, trails, beaches, picnic spots, spectacular views and centuries of history. But unless you're a gull or a sea lion, the only way to get

there is by boat.

The briny sea air whips across the deck of the ferry, *Harbor Princess*, as she crosses Raccoon Straits, swings into Ayala Cove and jolts against Angel Island's white-fenced dock.

My husband and I boarded the Elephant Train, to really see the island. The two-car open minibus car-



ried us on a six-mile trip into history.

More than 2,000 years ago, Coast Miwok Indians poled their tule reed boats into the bays and coves of Angel Island. They caught salmon, bass and other fish and shellfish. They hunted deer and quail, seals, sea lions and sea otters. To round out their diet, they gathered seeds and roots and leaves.

But in August 1775, Juan Manuel de Ayala anchored his ship, the *San Carlos*, in the cove later named for him. De Ayala himself never had a chance to explore Angel Island. He accidentally shot his toe off and had to stay in his cabin. His pilot, Don Jose de Canizares, made the first survey and map of San Francisco Bay.

Other ships visited the island, and by the early 19th century the Indians had been forced out.

The minibus takes us to North Garrison, the "Ellis Island of the West," which opened as an immigration station in 1910. But in spite of the new Panama Canal, the flood of European immigrants did not come. Instead, Asians flocked across the Pacific, pleading for entrance to a new life in a new land. They found only poor food, firetrap buildings and mistreatment. Some had to stay like prisoners as long as three years at North Garrison. During World Wars I and II, the army moved in, and it became a real prison camp, detaining enemy aliens and war prisoners. It is abandoned now, and only rusting smoke stacks rise from a rickety old hospital building to remind us of those years.

The island's East Garrison was

once the largest and most elaborate military induction center in the world. Vandals have broken the red Spanish tile and mutilated the graceful arches. They've stolen doors, skylights, fixtures and even entire stairways. Yet the sturdy buildings still stand. Some of them are still in use, like the Mission Revival-style chapel and the spacious homes on Officers' Row that now house the island's 13 caretakers and their families.

Behind an old baseball diamond stands a ghostly 600-man barracks. Longer than a football field, it was one of the first prefabricated buildings. We lurch on to Battery Drew, built during the Spanish-American War. Once three stories tall, it had a gun so large it could shoot six miles.

But the 180-degree view is breathtaking. Even camera buffs pause before snapping the panorama of Sausalito, the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge, Berkeley, Alcatraz, the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge and the majestic Golden Gate Bridge.

The bus creeps on past Alcatraz Gardens. Here prisoners from the Rock came to tend vegetables for the prison kitchen. Not for long, though. Too many convict gardeners found Angel Island an easy escape route; officials had to abandon the project.

Beyond the gardens we bump downhill to the yellow wooden rec-tangles of Camp Reynolds, dating back to Civil War times. Tall brick chimneys point like fingers above the roofs of boarded-up buildings. There is talk that the camp will be restored.

The bus winds back to Ayala Cove. And we have time to curl our toes in the warm beach sand or to take the easy 40-minute hike to Quarry Point to swim.

Watching the gulls circle the dock, we wonder about the name of the island. Why did Juan de Ayala call it "Isla de Los Angeles"? But as a fawn

browses on the grass, a quail family scoots up a hill and a breeze ruffles the water, we think he felt, as we do, that a visit to Angel Island can be heavenly. □

Further information: Angel Island State Park, P.O. Box 318, Tiburon, California 94920. Phone: (415) 435-1915

Ford Motor Company 75th Anniversary Keepsake Medallions

FORD MOTOR COMPANY has given Village Mint, Inc., permission to strike two bas-relief keepsake medallions in honor of Ford's 75th anniversary.

The larger commemorative medal, a 2½-inch-diameter solid bronze medallion, shows a 1903 Ford Model A in front of the historic Mack Avenue Plant in Detroit, where the company's first production car was built and, on the reverse side, Ford's 75th anniversary corporate-oval symbol.

The smaller medal, a 1½-inch-diameter nickel/silver medallion, omits the Mack Plant background but



is otherwise almost identical in design to the bronze medal.

The retail price of the medallions is \$16.95 for the bronze and \$3.45 for the nickel/silver, plus \$1.50 for postage and shipping. But *Ford Times* readers will receive a free nickel/silver medallion with each bronze medallion they order. They must simply state, when ordering, that they read about the medallions in *Ford Times*.

Medallions may be ordered from Village Mint, Inc., at 129 Parklane Tower West, Dearborn, Michigan 48121. □



Christmas Gifts

FOR PEOPLE ON THE MOVE



IF YOUR CHRISTMAS shopping list is long on names but short on things to buy, consider this: Car and truck accessories make great presents. And Ford Motor Company offers a wide variety — items for convenience, entertainment, utility and comfort. The accessories on these pages would be well-received by friends and relatives at Christmas — or any other time of year. Each is engineered by Ford for Ford vehicles, is backed by the Ford warranty and can be purchased and installed at Ford dealerships.

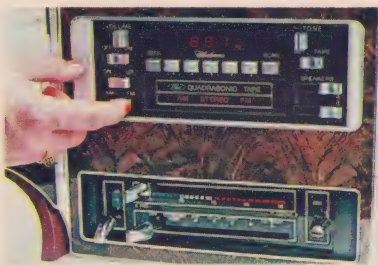
1. Tot Guard Seat — Made of



plastic that is contoured to distribute impact energy forces over a large portion of the body. Seat elevates a small child to permit outside viewing, while eliminating dangers of standing or kneeling. Also has special padded shield to help protect head and upper body. For children 20 to 50 pounds. For all Ford cars equipped with seat belts. Base No. 19E535.

2. Stow-Line "Organizer" Truck Caddy — Nice for storing a CB, cameras, binoculars and more. Has two bins for larger articles. There's also an upper storage tray. Made of steel, the caddy fits behind tilt-forward seat. Includes all necessary mounting hardware. 54 x 6 x 15½ inches. For all Ford light trucks with tilt-forward seat and no in-cab gas tank. Base No. 1046100.

3. Stow-Line Deluxe Rifle Safe — Bolts in behind the tilt-forward seat to secure your rifles completely out of sight. Has a plush, full interior lining to prevent damage.



8



9



Holds up to four rifles and more. 54 x 6 x 15½ inches. For all Ford light trucks with a tilt-forward seat and no in-cab gas tank. Note: The use of this rifle safe may not be legal in the area where you live or travel. Check applicable laws before using the rifle safe Base No. 1046100.

4. All-Electronic AM/FM Stereo Search Radio with Quad 8-Track Tape Player — This all-new offering from Ford is the biggest breakthrough in car radios in 40 years. It looks totally different. And it sounds dramatically advanced, thanks to innovative electronic technology. Gone are the

projecting knobs, buttons and familiar slide rule dial. They've been replaced by an electronic digital display of AM or FM frequency, "memory" touch buttons, rocker switches and slides for electronic control of tuning, speaker mix, volume, tone and other functions. Additional features include quartz crystal tuning precision and no moving tuner parts, electronic memory storage and recall of favorite stations, four tuning modes and four audio channels. For Ford LTD.

5. Universal Electronic Speed Control — Keeps car or truck at desired speed. Lets you go in real comfort, especially on long trips, and it can help you save on gas. Has a fingertip control that mounts on turn signal indicator. For all Ford cars, Bronco, Econoline and F-Series. Base No. 9A818.

6. Ford Remote CB Radio — Sophisticated 40-channel remote-control transceiver mounts in the trunk or under the seat (behind dash or under seat in trucks) to deter theft. All controls are in the power microphone, which easily disconnects for added security. Automatic scan feature allows searching for an active channel. And system can override radio through front speakers while sending or receiving, so you can listen to your favorite program and still pick up a CB signal. Requires FCC license to operate. See your local Ford dealer for model application.

7. Car and Truck Care Products — A full line of products to help keep your Ford car or truck looking great.

Everything from touch-up paint (in spray or bottle) and two types of wax to spot remover and leather and vinyl cleaner.

8. Tonneau Cover — Custom designed. Made of nylon-reinforced vinyl with wire mounting bead to form-fit the pickup box. Helps keep cargo protected. Reduces wind resistance. In white or black. Created to be used with 8-foot Styleside boxes and Ranchero. Base No. 501A42.

9. Deluxe Air Horns — Sound a loud, distinctive warning that can help prevent highway accidents. Can be mounted on roof or under hood. Can be purchased with or without the air compressor. For Bronco, Econoline and F-Series. Base No. 13800.

10. Plastic License Plate Frames — Provide protection and good looks in an economical manner. Very sporty and easy to install. Front and rear. For all Ford cars and trucks. Base No. 17A387.

11. Carpeted Floor Mats — Protect your car in all kinds of weather. They also provide an elegant look. These top-of-the-line mats are easy to clean and they come in many interior colors for a perfect match. For all Ford cars except Fiesta. Base No. 13086 (front) and 13106 (rear).

12. Vinyl Floor Mats with Carpet Insert — Top-of-the-line protection for your truck's interior while adding a sporty look. Designed to remain stationary without shifting or sliding unnecessarily. Easy to clean and long wearing. For F-Series and Bronco. Base No. 13106. □



10



11



12

DOLLS THAT COMBINE ART AND HISTORY

story and photos
by Mary Elaine Lora



SHE HAS alluring ways, that porcelain-faced child with a tear balanced forever on her plump cheek. People stare, admire her, and often take her home.

Little Mary Ann is one of a variety of handcrafted dolls created by a number of talented New Orleans artists and sold primarily through French Quarter shops. Bisque dolls, reproductions of famed antiques, rival the originals in beauty and delicacy of workmanship. Character dolls made of papier-mâché, composition, or cloth represent the big and little people of Louisiana history: the pirate Jean Lafitte, a moss picker, Longfellow's Evangeline, a chimney sweep, the voodoo queen Marie Laveau. One thing common to all the handcrafted dolls is their growing popularity.

"People are trying to get away from the plastic doll world," says Sylvia Taliancich, one of the local doll-makers. Impressed with the workmanship of the handcrafted dolls, some shoppers buy bisque dolls as pieces of fine art, though they have never before considered buying a doll.

Others buy dolls as investments. It is not unusual for some handcrafted dolls such as Little Mary Ann to double in value within three years.

And then there are the doll collectors, legions of them. Doll collecting has skyrocketed in popularity in recent years; it's now one of America's favorite hobbies (third only to stamp and coin collecting).

Jan Doehring and Cynthia Orgeron specialize in making porcelain



bisque reproductions of antique dolls that appear in many French Quarter shops.

Ms. Doebling's repertoire now includes about 35 dolls, among them a 22-inch French fashion doll accurately costumed in lavish gown, bustle, and infinite petticoats. A new addition is Hilda, an amazingly lifelike German character doll dressed sometimes as an infant and sometimes as a toddler. Last year, Hilda won a first place ribbon from the International Doll Makers Association (IDMA) and was one of only 10 dolls at the national convention honored with a special award. (Incidentally, the IDMA at 3364 Pine Creek Drive, San Jose, California 95132, is a good source of information about dollmakers in New Orleans and elsewhere.)

One reason for Ms. Doebling's success is her background. She was a painter before she began making dolls. As a girl, she worked for a dressmaker, and she admits to a lifelong fascination for costumes and old clothes.

Ms. Orgeron, an avid collector of antique dolls and experienced in ceramics, is known for her excellent baby dolls. She makes the famous Bye-lo, a realistic portrayal of a newborn infant, in several sizes. Rotate the head on her three-face doll, and the baby's expression changes from crying to smiling to sleeping. The garage of her suburban home is stacked high with all the molds.

Both dollmakers point out that making porcelain bisque dolls is a

slow, painstaking process. In all, it takes at least a week to make a porcelain doll — from the pouring of a liquid clay mixture into a mold until the finished doll is wigged and clothed. By working on several dolls at once, each dollmaker produces a minimum of 20 dolls a month. "I work seven days a week as many hours as I can," Ms. Doebling says, "but I just can't make them as fast as I can sell them."



Fine reproductions like theirs are in demand because they're more affordable than the antiques, which can easily cost thousands of dollars. Their bisque dolls generally sell for \$25 to \$300, depending on the size and complexity of the doll. "A lot of collectors who are buying my dolls are starting collections for their children," Ms. Orgeron says, pointing out that her dolls are "tomorrow's antiques." Each doll is signed and dated (Ms. Orgeron's trademark is Dolls by Lee, her

middle name; Ms. Doehring uses her first name).

Making and collecting bisque dolls is a relatively new phenomenon in New Orleans, where the forte has long been character dolls. Perhaps no other city offers such a rich store of intriguing figures — historical luminaries, folk heroes, social types — as inspiration to the artist.

Grace T. Granger, the grande dame of New Orleans dollmakers, has been drawing on that inspiration for over 40 years. Dolls made to look like jazz musicians and chimney sweeps, praline vendors and cotton pickers, Evangeline and her Gabriel, all emerge from Ms. Granger's French Quarter studio-apartment to delight collectors, children and tourists. A portrait artist, she also makes dolls in the likeness of more recent notables such as Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, Louis Armstrong, Al Hirt and Pete Fountain.

Ms. Granger carefully researches each of her characters. Each doll has its story. "ZoZo LaBrique" is representative of the New Orleans ladies who once used powdered brick for scrubbing; the doll's hair and clothing are tinged with the red brick dust. "Madame Begué," skillet in hand, represents the founder of a famous French Market restaurant. And so it goes . . . a whole catalog of New Orleans culture brought to life.

A comparable mixture of history and art is found in the Madame Cha-peaux dolls made by two sisters, Ms. Taliancich of New Orleans and Bev-

erly Price of Raceland, Louisiana. Each of their 40 doll characters features a hand-sculpted, papier-mâché head mounted on a body of wire and foam rubber. The costumes are carefully detailed and accessorized with handmade miniature props. The dolls representing a bearded strawberry peddler and his wife, for example, carry 100 papier-mâché berries.

Character dolls of a slightly different breed are made by Eleanor Todd. Hers are all cloth. She stuffs them with cotton and paints their faces with acrylics. Besides the usual historical figures, Ms. Todd makes dolls representing Ursuline nuns (who came to minister to the early French settlers), casket girls (who came to marry the settlers, carrying their trousseaus in chests), uniformed Catholic schoolchildren holding catechisms, and a black child clutching her dollie.

An ex-WAC, Ms. Todd made her first doll 30 years ago from her khaki Army underwear. She now turns out about four dozen dolls a month, ranging from 2 to 36 inches high.

New Orleans character dolls generally sell for \$4 to \$40 — an affordable item for collectors and a happy alternative to the made-in-Japan souvenir for tourists. Whether they're bisque dolls or character dolls, all New Orleans handmade dolls have one thing in common. "Each one is an individual," Ms. Granger says. "You cannot make them exactly alike."

In a world of automated duplication, that kind of individualism is something to be prized. □

by Michael E. Maattala

LTD

A NEW AMERICAN ROAD CAR



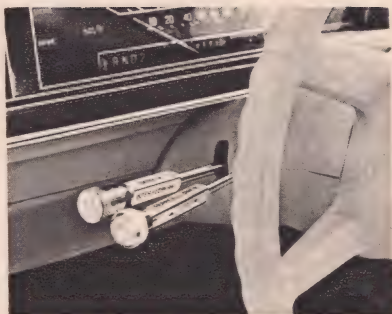
AN ALL-NEW CAR from the ground up, the 1979 Ford LTD is built to the space-efficient specifications of the 1980s. It is a new American road car, offering the traditional high standards of a smooth, quiet ride in a roomy, comfortable package.

The new LTD has more rear seat

leg room, knee room and front hip room than last year's model, while the trunk has more usable luggage space with its standard mini-spare tire. And since comfort and handling are just as important as interior spaciousness to the full-size-car owner, Ford engineers and designers applied advanced

LTD Landau two-door sedan





LTD's column-mounted controls

techniques to retain, and actually improve on, comfort and handling performance of the 1979 LTD with a new frame and all-new chassis component designs.

Starting with a "clean sheet of paper" enabled Ford to design a car that retains the distinctive LTD characteristics, yet is aerodynamically efficient. More than 270 hours of wind-tunnel testing at the University of Maryland and Lockheed Aircraft Company were used to evaluate numerous scale models before a final design was settled on.

A major design objective was to increase the driver's feeling of control by improving the driving position. To do this, the cowl and hood were lowered, the window lines extended downward and the driver's seating position raised. The result: The 1979 LTD driver can see the road seven feet closer to the front of the car than was possible in last year's LTD. LTD's easy-to-reach instrumentation is positioned directly in front of the driver,

and controls for the windshield wiper/washer, headlight dimmer and horn all are on two levers at the left side of the steering column.

LTD's new design emphasizes greater function. For example, the rear door openings are wider and the doors thinner, making entering and exiting easier. A special "tiltaway" door-hinge design allows the door to move slightly upward and outward, providing more head room between door and roof — an especially nice feature for cramped parking lots.

Ford owners traditionally have appreciated the LTD's deep-well trunk, which allows upright storage of grocery bags and suitcases. Ford has been the only domestic automaker with a trunk combining a deep-well design with a low liftover height. The '79 LTD improves on both of these features. With the new standard minispare tire, the deep-well trunk has 23.4 cubic feet of space — nearly a cubic foot more than the 1978 model. And the liftover has been lowered more than an inch to 22 inches.

"Quiet" has been a major LTD design theme for a number of years and was a major consideration in designing the 1979 models. Full-frame construction was selected as the most effective way to help isolate the passenger compartment from noise, vibration and harshness. Two separate rubber isolation systems are used. All front and rear suspension components are mounted or isolated from the frame with rubber, and the frame itself is isolated from the body with rubber

body mounts. Generous amounts of sound insulation are used to further isolate the passenger compartment.

Performance and utility haven't been compromised in the new LTD. Ford's 5.0-litre (302 CID) V-8 engine is standard and a 5.8-litre (351 CID) V-8 is optional. (On station wagons with California emissions equipment, the 5.8-litre engine is required.) Equipped with the 5.8-litre engine and the heavy-duty towing package, all LTD models can tow trailers weighing up to 6,000 pounds.

For excellent passenger comfort in the 1979 LTD, revisions have been made in the heater and air conditioning systems. The standard heater now has four instrument panel registers instead of two, increased water flow to the heater and a higher temperature thermostat. The optional air conditioning system features increased air flow, larger registers with improved

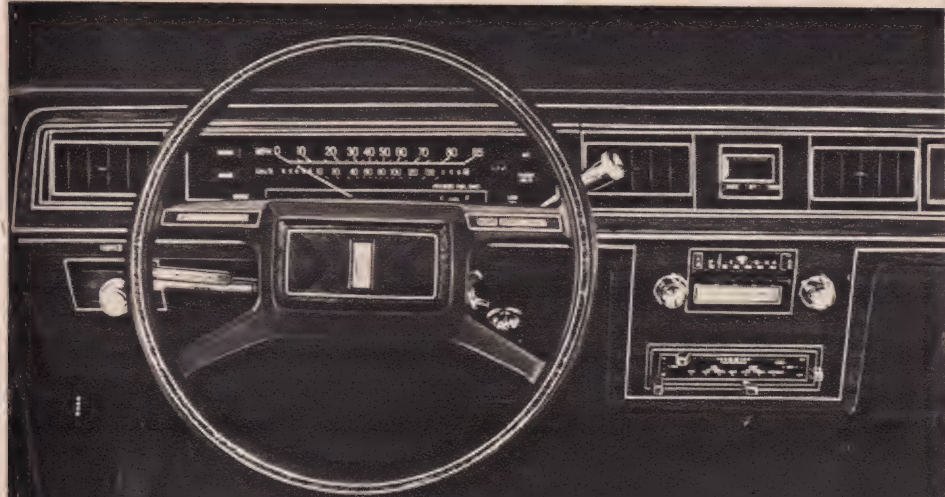
locations to provide rear-seat comfort, and separate mode functions for recirculated and outside air.

Station wagon improvements for '79 include a wider second seat, longer cushions for the optional dual-facing rear seats and increased third-seat legroom. A convenient lockable side stowage compartment is now standard on wagon models.

LTD buyers have come to expect a full range of models to choose from and will continue to find them in 1979. Two- and four-door sedans, as well as station wagon models, are offered in two distinctive trim and equipment levels. The standard LTD sedans and station wagon feature a single rectangular headlamp treatment, while the LTD Landau sedans and Country Squire sport a unique grille treatment with dual rectangular headlamps.

All LTD models continue to offer a

Interior Luxury Group instrument panel



high level of standard equipment, including SelectShift automatic transmission, DuraSpark solid-state ignition, power steering, power front disc/rear drum brakes and steel-belted radial-ply tires.

The station wagon retains an ample 91.7 cubic feet of cargo space, along with the capability to carry a standard-size 4x8-foot sheet of plywood flat on the cargo floor. Another valuable feature continued in 1979 is the three-way Magic Doorgate.

Several audio systems head the list of new LTD options. They are: a 40-channel citizen's band radio, an AM/FM stereo radio with cassette tape player, an advanced electronic AM/FM stereo search radio with

Quadrasonic tape player, and a premium sound system that brings home-type sound reproduction into the car.

Other new LTD options include a power antenna, Tu-tone paint/tape treatment, Exterior Accent Group and a handling suspension. The comfort and convenience of reclining left- and right-hand seats is offered on LTD models with flight bench seats. A left-hand recliner has been added to the optional split bench seats. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

LTD Country Squire



MY FRIEND AND I were looking for a treeless mountain. We were driving north on a narrow North Carolina mountain highway with green and wooded mountains all around us.

Tom was skeptical. These rounded crests of the Southern Appalachians are lower than the treeline; there's not much excuse here for a bald mountain. But that was what we were driving to see. And that was what we saw.

I had read about the balds and the mystery that surrounds them. I'd seen the names of these mountains on maps: Wayah Bald, Craggy Bald, Standing Indian, Gregory Bald.

We found our bareheaded mountain that day. One of the Roan Mountain balds rose beside the road, near the crossing of the Appalachian Trail. It was a big grassy mound, its summit a smooth line across the horizon. Not far away were three other mountain balds.

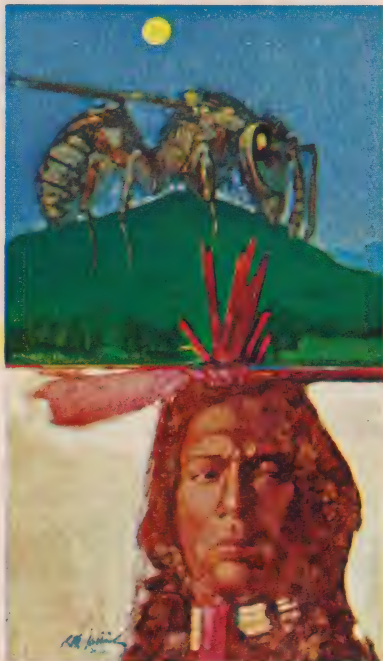
Dr. Art Cooper, a professor of forestry and botany at North Carolina State University, has compiled the reasons scientists have given for these grassy mountain patches. He calls the patches "beyond all doubt the most enigmatic" plant community in the Southern Appalachians and says they "excite the imagination and beg explanation."

There have been counts of as many as 245 balds in these mountains, stretching from northern Georgia to southern Virginia. Not counting some of artificial origin, Dr. Cooper cites a figure of about 100 historic natural balds.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BALDS

by Peggy Payne

illustrations by Randall McKissick





In the Southern Appalachians, there are a lot of mountain tops minus trees. No one knows why

Such pastures exist on mountains other than these Appalachians — in the American West and in New Guinea. But the southern cluster is the outstanding concentration and the most studied of the balds, Dr. Cooper said.

The Cherokee Indians were among the earliest theorists on how these brushy or grassy balds came to be. One Cherokee legend describes a monster hornet that nested and sunned on the bald spots.

Later, researchers gave the Indians themselves responsibility for the bare mountains. One idea is that these sites were once the high-mountain summer camps of hunter Indians. Of 22 studied, 15 were on south-facing slopes close by springs. Cooper finds this idea generally rejected because too few artifacts have been discovered and because clearing such areas would probably have been too big an undertaking.

Grazing has been mentioned as

one cause of the balds staying bald. This was an important use of these lands in the Great Smokies from about 1820 until grazing began to be curtailed in the 1920s when the national park was established. Cattle and sheep were herded to the balds in spring, to remain for the summer. Old cattle drive trails can still be seen on a ridge below Gregory Bald.

A researcher named Philip Gersmehl, working from the University of Georgia, is credited with a combination fire-grazing theory. The idea is that fire, sparked by Indians or lightning, opened these pastures and grazing kept them open.

Yet another proposal is based on climatic changes that go back perhaps 10,000 years. A warming period would have caused high-altitude species to retreat up the mountains and a cooling would have brought warm-climate types farther down. The theory is that these periods created a "bald susceptible" zone where some species could reproduce only with difficulty.

Dr. Cooper believes in a "multiple theory of origins" involving several factors. He sees the possibility of fire having created early openings in these forests. Both Indian activities and climatic changes, followed by grazing, could have kept them open.

He also believes that these mountains are going to lose the balds, that for once the land is slowly returning to what it was long before white men came here. When upland grazing stopped in the '30s, woody plants began to grow over some of them. Ob-



servation over the last 30 years has shown that the forests are moving in. Gregory Bald, for example, measured about 16 acres in 1944 compared with less than eight acres today.

Roan Mountain is one of the most accessible areas of balds. North Carolina Highway 261 north from Bakersville will take you to the park.

Craggy Gardens can be reached from Mile 364 on Blue Ridge Parkway. Tánasee Bald is at Milepost 423.2 near Beech Gap.

Many of the balds are in Great Smoky Mountains National Park. To get to Andrews Bald, you have to hike about two miles from the Clingman's Dome parking area.

If you're naturally curious, you'll want to see them firsthand. Perhaps you can even solve the mystery. □





by Cara L. Kazanowski
photos by Leonard P. Johnson

Cross-Country

Lightweight equipment
and nutritious food are musts for
those longer ski treks

WITH CROSS-country skiing now an established sport in the United States, many of its more than two million devotees are looking for ways to amplify the pleasures of their outings.

Large numbers of skiers are competing in amateur citizens' races while



Cookout



others are turning touring into family events by strapping skis on children and taking babies along on sleds. Still others, like my husband and me, are cooking out along the trails.

Although most cross-country enthusiasts aren't expert campers (I've never camped, and, except for U.S. Army Reserve weekends, neither has my husband), we've found that it's easy to prepare a hot, nutritious meal equipped only with a little knowledge and a few pieces of relatively inexpensive equipment. Because cross-country skiing is dehydrating and burns up 15 to 17 calories per minute, Larry and I find that a good meal is a must if we ski half-a-day or longer.

Saving weight is the primary consideration in preparing for a winter cookout. Although camping outfitters carry a confusingly wide range of backpacks, we've found that one day pack holds enough for a day trip for two. Larry usually carries the pack while I often carry tissues, chap cream and other essentials we may want to reach quickly in a belt pack. Day packs cost between \$15 and \$30 while belt packs run between \$10 and \$15.

Most day packs keep the load close to and low on the shoulders to give better balance when skiing and some, such as the teardrop pack, have special compartments to prevent the contents from shifting. No matter what backpack you choose, make sure it's made of waterproof nylon and has large enclosed nylon zippers or a type of fastener you find easy to close with

cold fingers, mittens or gloves.

Food for the trail should be as simple and substantial as possible. You may bring sandwiches, of course, but we've found that hearty soups, stews and one-dish meals such as lasagna are more nourishing. However, leave canned goods and your own concoctions at home; instead, to save weight and time, bring along freeze-dried main dishes. There's quite a variety — beans and franks, beef and rice, and chicken or beef stews — from which to choose, and they're actually pretty tasty these days. We usually round out our meal with freeze-dried ice cream and fruits, cheese, salami, nuts, fresh fruits, candy bars or special trail snacks. Any of these also may be eaten on the move and most are excellent sources of protein and fat, important for maintaining body warmth.

Melting snow for drinking and cooking sounds adventurous, but you're better off making camp by a clean stream or carrying your own water. We've found it takes surprisingly large amounts of snow — not to mention time — to make a potful of hot water. After having our water freeze in aluminum containers, Larry and I now carry water in thermal canteens, such as plastic with styrofoam lining. If kept close to the body, unlined plastic canteens are fine. Save this container for water only, since pop, milk and other liquids that freeze at higher temperatures than water can ruin your container.

Although some downhill and cross-country skiers think brandy, wine and





other alcoholic drinks will warm the body, actually, the opposite is true. Alcohol slows blood circulation so you get colder faster. We stick with coffee, tea or hot chocolate on our cold-weather cookouts.

Since finding dry tinder in the winter is often impossible and gathering it often outlawed, we carry a small camping stove. The most popular ones with winter campers are compact, single-burner white gas stoves that cost \$20 or more.

Here are some other items to fit in your backpack:

- all-weather or Space® blanket
- pocket knife and matches
- plastic plates, cups and utensils (more comfortable to touch than metal in cold weather)
- aluminum kettle or covered pot for boiling water
- tea bags and packets of hot chocolate and coffee

Once you've assembled your gear, cooking out is a snap. Pick your campsite carefully, stopping in a tree line, if possible, which will be less windy than

a site in the open. First, dig a hole in the snow deep and wide enough so the heat from the stove won't make the stove sink into the snow. Spread your other gear on the all-weather blanket.

Because lighting the stove is the trickiest part of your cookout, we suggest practicing several times in your home or backyard. The only "cooking" done these days on many camping trips — both warm- and cold-weather — is to boil water for the freeze-dried foods and for hot drinks. Just pour the hot water into the bags of freeze-dried foods, let sit for five minutes, or the time specified on the package. Only a little stirring is necessary to remove any partially re-hydrated lumps.

Cooking outdoors in the winter is as easy and relatively inexpensive as the sport of cross-country itself! □

Equipment courtesy of Eddie Bauer Outdoor Outfitters, Oak Park, Michigan, and Raupp Campfitters, Royal Oak, Michigan.

It Runs in the Family

A year ago last August it was decided to trade in our family station wagon. Having just suffered through my 40th birthday, I treated myself to a bright-red 1977 Mustang.

It took only a couple of months for my oldest son, Steve (21), to decide that a Mustang was the car for him, and he purchased a yellow 1978 fast-back.

My mother (58 but swearing to be 39) turned green with envy and bought herself a new car, too. You guessed it! A green 1978 Mustang.

In May, Bradley (he's my second son) turned 18 and, being the individ-



ualist that he is, bought a brown 1978 Pinto with sunroof and air conditioning. Show-off kid!

We still have two sons coming along (Mike at 16 and Terry at 15) who will soon be shopping for cars. Do you think we have influenced them in any way?

Grace Hedrick
Woodbridge, Virginia

Who Invented Cold Duck?

The *Ford Times* food stories are always interesting and seldom have an error. In the "Favorite Recipes from Famous Restaurants" section last May, however, you stated that the Pontchartrain Wine Cellars in Detroit invented Cold Duck. That mixture of white wine and champagne is the old

German *Kalte Ente*. Years ago old-timers told me their grandparents served *Kalte Ente*. Come now, how could Pontchartrain Wine Cellars invent something 200 or more years old?

J. Wilner Sundelson
Ann Arbor, Michigan



His 27th Ford From Medford Motors
Here's a picture of LeRoy Fritsche of

Colby, Wisconsin, standing beside his LTD. The car is the 27th new Ford that Mr. Fritsche has purchased from Medford Motors, Inc., since 1946. We think this is a tribute to the fine quality of Ford cars and a compliment to our dealership.

Certainly Mr. Fritsche is one of our most valued customers.

Richard J. Werner
President, Medford Motors, Inc.
Medford, Wisconsin

THE WHITE BIRD OF GREEN PASTURES



by Lew Dietz



COLUMBUS WAS searching for a short route to India when he stumbled upon America. The Pilgrim fathers landed on our shores seeking religious freedom. Though no one can know for certain, it may safely be assumed that *Bubulous ibis* came to the New World looking for bugs, not a very lofty quest in human terms but an extremely serious matter to the snowy-white, heron-beaked pasture-lover we know as the cattle egret.

As recently as a decade ago, motorists touring our southern seaboard may



have been puzzled by the rather ludicrous sight of these stately white sentinels standing in green pastures among domestic livestock or even perched on the heads of placid cows. Now that the cattle egret has become a common part of the rural landscape, this spectacle has ceased to cause wonder.

This is a mistake. Though the cattle egret's spectacular success story is manifested by its ever-increasing numbers, the story of how this African native became a naturalized American is intriguing.

Many animals have extended their ranges. Some have gradually dispersed to fill open ecological niches; others, like the English sparrow and European starling, have been transplanted with the deliberate or inadvertent help of man. The cattle egret accomplished its dramatic invasion all on its own and in a relatively — even incredibly — short span of time.

No one knows when the first flock of these avian pioneers set forth from Africa on the perilous sea flight. If a 19th century sailing skipper, scanning

Africa's cattle egret is an immigrant with a success story

the sky for weather signs, spotted a loose formation of stilt-legged white birds in the mid-Atlantic, the fact went unnoted in his ship's log. All we do know is that the presence of this exotic egret was first noted in Surinam, on South America's northern coast, between 1877 and 1883. After a period of consolidation, flocks began spreading southward into Brazil and northward, island-hopping across the Caribbean, into southern Florida.

It was a good decade after these white-winged Magellans had established a beachhead in the grasslands of south Florida in the early 1940s before they were noticed at all. No doubt these strangers caused some confusion among amateur bird watchers, and with good reason. The size and plumage of the newcomers suggested those of the indigenous snowy egret or of an immature little blue heron. However, the snowy egret has a black bill and black legs with golden slippers and the immature little blue heron has a dark bill and dark legs. Except in the breeding season, when its appearance changes dramatically, the cattle egret has dark legs, a yellow beak and a brownish wash on the top of its head.

It soon became evident that there was even more difference between the birds than met the eye. These new settlers apparently preferred to keep

their feet dry! Birds of the family *Ardeidae*, which includes the herons, egrets and bitterns, are associated with water. Yet, here was a terrestrial bird, one that flew like a member of the heron family — with its neck tucked in, rather than outstretched in the manner of the cranes and ibises — but behaved in a decidedly un-heronlike way by “hanging out” with livestock in open pastures.

Ornithologists, of course, have been familiar for centuries with cattle egrets in their native Africa, where these birds keep the company of elephants, rhinos, camels and other quadrupeds, both wild and domestic, and perform the mutually useful function of eating ticks and other parasites that afflict these beasts.

Quite naturally, American observers, after identifying the cattle egret, assumed these expatriates were carrying on the same function in the New World. Only after Florida Fish and Game biologists began making stomach analyses of regional specimens was it discovered that 80 per cent of the diet of these transplanted birds consisted of crickets, grasshoppers, flies, spiders and other nonparasitic insects. Clearly, these immigrants had indeed found America a land of opportunity. The astonishingly adaptive birds “realized” that they had only to stay near livestock and wait for hooves to flush up their dinners for them.

Although the relationship of bird to herd on this continent is not purely symbiotic, as it is in Africa, it does have a sort of quid pro quo flavor.

American cows appear pleased to have these African freeloaders snap up the pesky insects they flush up with their hooves; in fact, they show every indication of enjoying the company.

Recently, ornithologists investigating the reasons for the cattle egret's success in America have discovered a number of contributing factors. Other members of the heron family have little tolerance for intrusion during the mating season and are easily diverted by human and other threatening presences. Though invasion during the spring nesting period does create momentary disruption in cattle egret rookeries, the mating pairs usually return to this essential business in a matter of minutes.

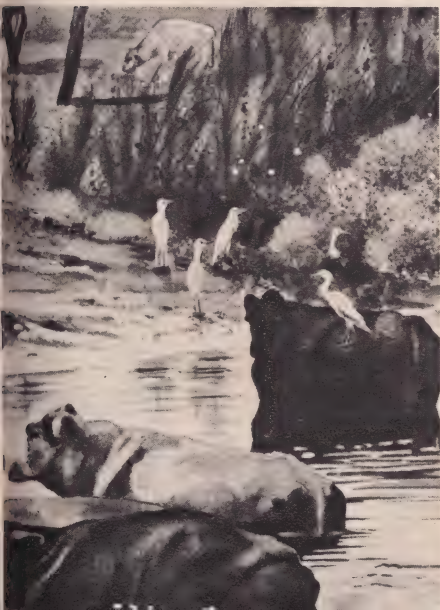
The female lays a light blue egg every other day until two to four eggs

fill the crude, slapdash nest, but rarely are more than two chicks fledged. From the standpoint of species survival, one healthy, vigorous chick is better than three or four malnourished chicks.

The cattle egret's appearance, like that of many birds, is especially striking during its breeding season. The beak and legs of both the male and female turn an eye-catching scarlet, and the muddy wash on the head and chest intensifies in hue. This nuptial-color phase is brief, perhaps no more than three or four days. By the time the adults have begun to feed the chicks wads of regurgitated insects, their brilliant courtship plumage has disappeared.

Certainly no other bird has specialized its feeding habits to any greater degree of simplicity than that achieved by the cattle egret, and this too is a significant factor in the success story. Because the newcomers don't compete with other species for food, their presence hasn't been ecologically damaging or disruptive. Moreover, they are good neighbors. Unlike the English sparrows and starlings, cattle egrets are unaggressive and signally adept at minding their own business.

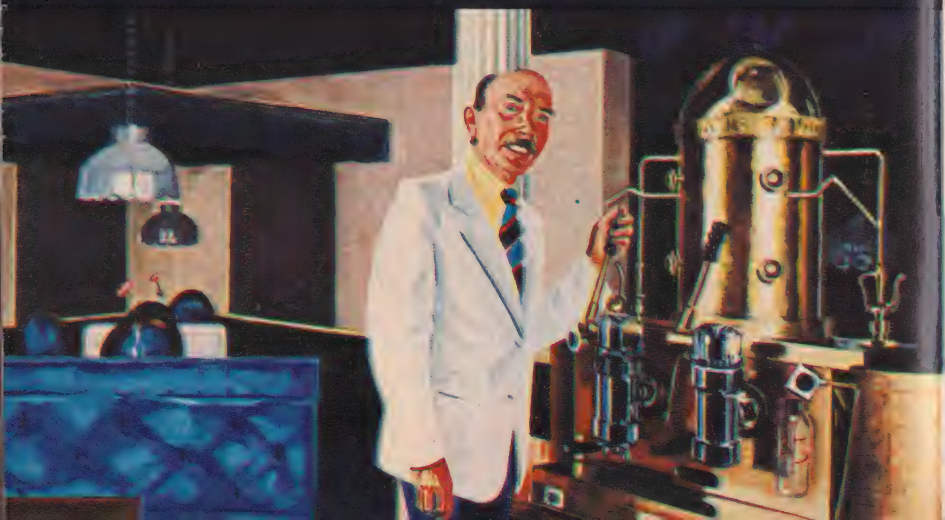
Little wonder, then, that these colonists are making their way across the nation, extending their ranges along the Gulf Coast and as far west as California and up the East Coast as far as the Canadian Maritimes to enliven our rural landscape and become a welcome addition to the birds of America. □





Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



LAURENS KILLINGTON, VERMONT

Gracious country dining is the hallmark of this restaurant in an antique-filled 1860 farmhouse. A talented young chef, Francis Clogston, prepares the fine Continental dishes. Dinner only and reservations are a must. Closed Mondays and the month of May. Thomas and Lauren Rabek are the owners and hosts. It is on U.S. 4 in the Sherburne Valley near Killington.

Les Paupiettes de Veau Farcies au Maderé

- 8 3-ounce veal slices, from the leg
- 1 pound ground veal
- 2 egg whites, unbeaten
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon white pepper
- 2 cups whipping cream
- 2 tablespoons thyme
- ½ cup clarified butter
- 1 cup flour seasoned with salt and pepper

ETIENNE'S FRENCH RESTAURANT

PARADISE VALLEY, ARIZONA
Superb French food is served in a charming dining room; entrées are prepared to order. Dinner is served every day except Sunday. Lunch is also served Tuesday through Saturday. Reservations necessary. The Gluck family are the owners and managers. It is in the La Posada Plaza at 4949 East Lincoln Drive in Paradise Valley bordering Scottsdale.

Pepper Steak

- 1 1¾-pound filet mignon or
New York strip steak

- 2 cups Madeira wine
- ½ cup freshly chopped parsley

Trim veal slices and pound to thin pieces about 3x6 inches. Grind trimmings and combine with the ground veal. In a mixing bowl combine ground veal, egg whites, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Whip with an electric mixer on high speed until mixture is thick. Slowly add 2 cups whipping cream to the veal while whipping approximately 2 minutes or until mixture is firm. Add the thyme and mix well. Place pounded veal slices on the counter, spread beaten mixture (forcemeat) over them. Roll veal slices from narrow end and tie gently in the middle. These are now called paupiettes. Heat the clarified butter in a large skillet. Dredge paupiettes in seasoned flour and place in hot skillet turning frequently so that all sides brown. Drain butter from skillet, add Madeira wine and cook over medium heat turning paupiettes on all sides until they feel firm, about 5 minutes. Remove from skillet and reduce sauce, add more wine to this sauce, if desired. Cut and remove string of paupiettes, place on platter, pour sauce over the veal and garnish with freshly chopped parsley. Complement this dish with broccoli florets, hollandaise sauce and rice pilaf. Serves 4.

Salt, to taste

- 1 tablespoon green peppercorns
- 2 tablespoons oil
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ¼ cup minced shallots
- ¾ cup Madeira wine
- ¼ cup Armagnac or cognac.

Season the steak with salt and rub with the green peppercorns. Heat oil and butter in a deep skillet and sauté the steak in it 3 minutes on each side. Transfer steak to a hot serving dish and keep hot. Pour off the pan juice, add the shallots with Madeira wine and Armagnac to the skillet and scrape up all of the brown bits in the bottom of the pan. Heat and then flame. Bring to a boiling point, and reduce to half. Coat the steak with the sauce and serve very hot. Serves 4.



COPPER HEARTH DINING ROOM

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA

A fine Austrian chef, Hans Pircher, presides over the kitchen that is open daily from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Each month the menu features a different selection of gourmet specialties. It is in a Holiday Inn at the junction of U.S. 83 and I-80. The inn offers overnight accommodations, swimming pool, saunas and a putting green. Reservations suggested.

Poulet Basquaise

- 1 3-pound chicken, quartered
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper

HAYS HOUSE

COUNCIL GROVE, KANSAS

This restaurant has been in operation since 1857. Its present owners, Helen and Charles Judd, boast that it is the oldest continuously operating restaurant west of the Mississippi. The original building has been restored, revealing skilled construction using native walnut, oak and stone. It is noted for its home cooking and excellent baked goods. Open every day from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m.; reservations requested. Closed Christmas and New Year's days. The restaurant is at 112 West Main Street.

Cranberry-Strawberry Pie

- 1 pound package fresh cranberries
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 ounces cherry Jello
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water
- 2 cups frozen strawberries, sliced
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup celery, finely diced
- 1 cup black walnut pieces
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipping cream, whipped and sweetened
- 2 9-inch baked pie shells

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced onion
- 1 medium green pepper, sliced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mushrooms, quartered
- 1 tomato, diced, 1 clove garlic and 1 bay leaf
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup beef stock

Brown chicken quarters on all sides in enough butter to cover the bottom of a skillet. Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper and put it in a deep casserole. In the fat in which the chicken was browned, stir together vegetables and seasonings, reserve wine and stock. Brown vegetables until a light color. Arrange around chicken pieces in casserole. Pour white wine in skillet and add beef stock, bring to a boil, then pour over chicken. Cover casserole and bake in a 350° oven for about 40 minutes, or until chicken is tender. Serve over hot buttered rice or rice pilaf.

Freeze fresh cranberries, then grind. (Freezing will keep berries from losing juice.) Add 2 cups sugar and let stand 2 hours to overnight. Combine cherry Jello with boiling water and then add 2 cups frozen strawberries. Fold in celery and nuts, combine with cranberries. Let stand until mixture cools and begins to thicken; then fold in whipped cream. Pour into pie shells and chill until served.

Crunchy Chicken Salad

- 5 cups cold chicken (or turkey) chunks
- 1 cup celery, stalks cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced water chestnuts
- 1 cup pineapple tidbits
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mayonnaise
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sour cream
- $\frac{1}{8}$ cup pineapple juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Lawry's Seasoned Salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 6 cantaloupe or pineapple rings, or hollowed-out tomatoes

Mix the chicken or turkey with celery, water chestnuts and pineapple. Combine mayonnaise, sour cream, pineapple juice, salt and sugar. Toss salad with dressing and serve in cantaloupe or pineapple rings or in tomato cups. Serves 6.

CATHERINE CLARK'S

CHRISTMAS RECIPES

CATHERINE CLARK has achieved the secret dream of every home cook. She parlayed a great talent for baking into a multimillion-dollar business. Her dedication to quality and authenticity was reflected first in the bread company she founded in 1946, when she sold her first loaf of bread made in her Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, kitchen. Her initial output of 25 loaves of bread a day came from a prized wheat recipe. She succeeded in turning a profit of \$68 the first year.

Today, her breads, rolls and stuffings are sold all over the country under her name, Catherine Clark's Brownberry Breads, and you would presume that she would want home bakers to let her do their baking. Not so. She is an ardent crusader for what she calls "endangered food species" — homemade breads, rolls, cakes and cookies — that we are losing from our

American heritage in our current enthusiasm for quick-and-easy recipes.

According to Mrs. Clark, it was in the late 1800s that women began to really enjoy their cooking and baking in American kitchens. These were the days of the magnificent kitchen range, all black and nickel-trimmed, which ushered in what she calls the era of great baking. Thousands of women went to cooking schools, in small towns as well as cities.

Even if a home cook doesn't have time for "scratch" baking all of the time, Mrs. Clark thinks Christmas is certainly the season when it is special fun to try new recipes and to do the chopping, grinding, and marinating — these little slow-ups we sometimes don't feel in the mood to do too often during the rest of the year. Children can be pressed into service, where they can become part of a family holiday tradition of helping make gifts and party fare.

For instance, Mrs. Clark's idea for a decorate-your-own Swedish dough ring gives family and friends the fun,

by Nancy Kennedy
photos by Walter Lubzik



From the top down: Old-Fashioned Sugar Cookies, Christmas Ring and Ceylon Tea Loaf



Catherine Clark in her kitchen at Brownberry House

and the choice, of adding or subtracting icing calories to their own slices of this holiday treat. The baked ring, trimmed with a bow, is beautiful enough to be the edible centerpiece of a Christmas dinner table or to complement a tea or coffee service at the other end of a party table.

"The ring is large enough to be impressive, about 16 inches in diameter," Mrs. Clark says, "although if you are inspired to make several special gifts for neighbors, the recipe makes two wreaths 8 to 10 inches in diameter." She sometimes prefers the two smaller rings on a table, in combination with fat, nondrip candles.

Catherine Clark's Christmas Ring

- 1 package compressed or dry yeast
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup warm water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup scalded milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine

- $3\frac{3}{4}$ to 4 cups sifted all purpose flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cardamom
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup additional flour for kneading

Combine yeast and warm water in a small bowl. Stir with a fork until dissolved. In a large mixing bowl mix milk, sugar, salt and cardamom. Add butter and yeast mixture, blending well. Beat in 2 cups of flour until mixture is smooth. Gradually stir in just enough of the remaining flour to make a soft, workable dough that pulls away from the sides of the bowl. Turn out on a board which has been covered with the additional flour and knead until smooth and satiny, about 10 minutes. Round in a ball and place in a warm, greased bowl, covered loosely with plastic wrap and a damp towel. Set in a warm spot to double in bulk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. After dough has doubled in bulk, turn out on a floured board and roll in a 22 x 10-inch rectangle. Mix filling ingredients (below) — except for candied fruits — and spread evenly over the dough, then sprinkle finely chopped candied fruit on top of filling. Roll up from long side as a jelly roll, wetting the edge to seal it.

Filling

- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft butter or margarine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla or almond extract
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted ground almonds
- 1 cup finely chopped candied mixed fruit

Cream together the butter and sugar and add remaining ingredients, except candied fruit.

Place sealed-edge-down, shaping dough into a ring on a 16 x 14-inch cookie sheet, sealing the two ends together firmly. Take a pair of shears in hand and snip the roll a good $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way through, approaching it vertically from the top and snipping every $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. Turn the pieces on their sides, alternately right and left, so that fruit is visible. Place an inverted ovenproof custard cup or bowl in the center of the ring to keep the open center round during baking. Cover with wax paper in a warm and sheltered place until the ring in-

creases about half again in size. Allow about an hour. Just before putting in the oven, gently wash top with beaten egg, using a soft pastry or paint brush. Bake in 350° oven for 25 minutes.

When wreath is completely cool, decorate with icing (below) or make icing and serve with loaf so that guests can decorate their individual slices. Icing: Blend together 2 cups powdered sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 5 to 6 tablespoons half-and-half cream.

Another holiday bread favorite of Mrs. Clark's is Ceylon Tea Loaf. In fact, she says it is so good that it shouldn't be saved just for holiday time. The tea loaf derives its name from use of that beverage in the dough, rather than, as you might suspect, from a serving suggestion. Mrs. Clark's English grandmother shared it with her.

Ceylon Tea Loaf

- 4 ounces candied citron
- 4 ounces candied orange peel
- 4 ounces candied lemon peel
- 1 cup white raisins
- 1½ cups light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1½ cups cold, strong black tea
- ¼ cup rum or brandy, if desired
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg, room temperature, well beaten
- 2 tablespoons melted, cooled butter

Eight to 10 hours before baking combine the raisins, peels, sugar and tea in a medium-size mixing bowl. Add the rum or brandy. Stir the fragrant mixture well, cover it tightly with plastic wrap, and let this marinade stand at room temperature for 8-10 hours. At baking time preheat oven to

325°. In a bowl, combine the dry ingredients and stir to blend. Add mixed dry ingredients to the fruit and peel marinade and mix thoroughly. Stir in the beaten egg until well blended then add the melted, cooled butter. The dough will be thin and batter-like. Pour the dough into a 9 x 5-inch loaf pan that has been greased and then lined with greased waxed paper, and bake until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out whistle clean — about 1½ hours. Remove to a rack and let it cool in the pan about five minutes. Turn it out onto the rack, remove the paper and let cool completely before slicing it. Baked in a smaller loaf pan, this recipe will make three loaves 7 x 4 x 2 inches, or two loaves of that size plus about eight muffins. Smaller loaves will be done in about an hour and the muffins in 25 minutes.

Another of the old-fashioned baked goods that Mrs. Clark places on her endangered species list is the old-fashioned sugar cookie that used to be the mainstay of grandmother's cookie jar. Of course one trouble home cooks recall about old-time cookies is the remembrance of a rolling pin, all stuck up with cookie dough and flour. Mrs. Clark has a way to make delicious cookies that produces great results without a messy rolling pin operation.

Before embarking on any method, Mrs. Clark thinks home bakers should know what to expect. Sugar cookies, being rich in shortening, are tender and range from crisp all the way through to about 80 per cent crisp — depending to a large degree on how thin they are. The thin rich ones are the most crispy. For best flavor they should be baked until the color deepens to a light golden brown, at least around the edges, indicating that car-

melization has taken place. The thinness of the cookie and the temperament of individual ovens are still factors for cookie bakers to deal with in their own kitchens, no matter what the directions in a recipe say. For that reason it is best to bake one cookie on a small tin as a trial run before doing a large batch.

Old-Fashioned Sugar Cookies

Cream together: 1 cup butter, 1 cup white sugar and 1 cup powdered sugar. Beat together separately and add: 2 well-beaten eggs and 1 teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup Wesson oil and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Sift together and add to above mixture: 4 cups, plus 4 tablespoons all-purpose flour (sifted before measuring), 1 teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon cream of tartar.

With a small spoon, take pieces of dough the size of a walnut. Roll into a ball between your hands and place an inch apart on a greased

cookie sheet. Put a half-cup white or colored granulated sugar in a small sauce dish and be ready with a glass tumbler about 2½ inches in diameter to be used for dipping in the sugar and pressing the dough flat. As soon as the tumbler is oily it picks up enough sugar to decorate the top of the cookie, and at the same time prevents the dough from sticking to it. Bake at 350° for about 8-10 minutes. Makes 7 dozen 2-inch cookies.

While all the cake and cookie preparations are going on, Mrs. Clark suggests an easy-to-do recipe for a festive holiday meal using homemade or package dressing.

Stuffed Crown of Drumsticks

Coat 12 meaty chicken drumsticks with 2 cups breadcrumbs. Place drumsticks and 4-5 pats of butter in a flat baking dish. Bake in 350° oven for 50 minutes. Ten minutes before removing from oven place a dab of butter on each drumstick. Prepare 16 ounces homemade bread or cornmeal stuffing (or two 8-ounce packages of herb seasoned or cornmeal stuffing). If using package stuffing make according to directions on package for moist dressing, substituting chicken broth for water and adding all drippings from chicken pan. Stand drumsticks on end, meaty side down, around inside of a 2½-quart straight side glass casserole. Fill center with stuffing. Bake in 350° oven for 10-15 minutes. Place casserole on serving platter and decorate ends of drumsticks with frilled paper chop holders, garnish with parsley and crab apples or cherry tomatoes. Another way to serve the dish is to prepare drumsticks and dressing as above. Oil sides and bottom of an 8-inch spring form pan, place drumsticks on thin layer of dressing to hold them in place when cooked and spring form pan sides are removed. Use toothpicks to hold meaty sections of drumsticks together. Fill center with dressing packing firmly around legs. Bake as above, place on serving platter and remove sides of spring form pan. Serves 6. □

Stuffed Crown of Drumsticks





SPIDER

THE BARBERSHOP WONDER DOG

by Rita Rogers Fuerst

illustrations by Arless Day

SPIDER IS NOT an easy dog to explain. Of course, if my father, a barber for more than 60 years, were still living, he could make you understand. For Spider, as old-timers in Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania, will confirm, was 100 per cent Barney Rogers' dog.

Dad never brought Spider home with him and, as far as I know, he is

the only one who ever really saw the tiny dog. I thought I did once when I was very young, back in the early '30s. I thought I saw him run across the shiny black and white squares of Dad's shop floor and into a hole in the cellar door. Now I don't think so.

The best way to explain Spider to you, I suppose, is to take you back to the wintry Saturday when I first

skinny ears and a skinny tail. Why, he's so small he once got stuck over night on the flypaper I hang in the window."

"Ahh. Who ever heard of a dog that small?"

"See that shaving mug over there, Tommy? Why, I've seen him jump from the cash register plunk into the middle of that cup. Likes to curl up on the brush in there and go to sleep. Sometimes, though, I have to stick a comb in for him to use as a ladder to climb back out."

"You're just teasin', aren't you, Mr. Rogers?" Mike asked, leaving the chair long enough for a closer look at the mug.

"Mike, I wouldn't trade Spider for all the big dogs in the world." Dad's comb pushed up thick bunches of hair and his scissors sliced them off. "He's a big help around the shop."

"A little dog like that?"

"Where is he?"

"He's right below us here in the cellar. Sleeps in my old hunting cap next to the water heater."

"Let's see him," they both said at once, and I glanced over at the hole in the bottom of the door.

"Oh, he never comes up when there's commotion up here."

The barber cloth stopped flapping and the chair came to a stop. All you could hear were scissors snipping and the ticktock of the clock with the lady with the long orange hair painted on the glass door.

"Could you call him?" someone whispered.

"Wouldn't do any good. Spider only comes up if there's someone special in the chair."

"I — I think I heard him scratching at the door," said the boy in the chair.

"Nope. Don't think so." Dad tipped Tommy's head forward for the finishing trim on the neck. I remember not wanting that haircut to go so fast.

Spider was a Hair Dog

"Say, what kind of dog is Spider, anyhow?" Mike asked.

"He's a Hair Dog."

"A Hair Dog! Who ever heard of that kind?"

"They like to live in barbershops."

"Why?"

"They like the work, that's why. I told you, Spider's a great help around here. Helps tidy up every evening, for one thing. You see, a Hair Dog has a special kind of fur. You've seen a magnet pick up pins or metal shavings, haven't you? Well, that's how his fur works. It picks up hair clippings when he walks backwards."

"Really?"

"Sure. He backs across the floor and the hairs spring right up and stick to him. About the time he looks like a tiny porcupine, he backs up on the paper I have spread, turns, runs forward, gives himself a couple of shakes and the hair all falls off. Then he goes off backwards for more.

"All right, next customer."

Dad looked at the clock and then went to hang the out-to-lunch sign on

the door and pull down the shade.

Tommy hardly had time to get out of the chair before Mike crowded in. "You getting a shave today, son?" Dad asked, opening a straight razor to test for sharpness against his thumb.

We giggled.

"Come on, Mr. Rogers. Tell us some more about Spider," Tommy said from his perch on the extra chair, his hands in his lap and his ankles crossed. Mike's yellow hair was now falling down on the brown. "How else does he help you?"

"Oh," said Dad, "he tries to straighten up, especially the papers and magazines customers scatter around. Does all right with the comics, tugging and tugging until he finally drags them into place, but he usually needs help with the bigger ones

like *Grit* and the *Saturday Evening Post*."

"You're just kidding us about Spider, aren't you, Mr. Rogers?" Mike asked.

"Then who is it keeps my shop from being robbed by all the tramps that jump the rail here at night?"

"NOT SPIDER?"

"Why just last month one broke in through the back door. Didn't take the 75 cents I keep in the cash drawer, but he did put a bottle of my good Ingram's hair tonic in his pocket and then laid down right there in front of the stove to rest."

I knew about tramps, the ones Mom gave hot food to on our back steps sometimes, but I had never heard about this one.

"Spider came up and ran all over



Uruguay Salutes Ford's 75th With Commemorative Stamp

MAIL authorities in the South American country of Uruguay recently saluted Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary as part of this issue of four commemorative stamps. Released at a Uruguayan philatelic exhibition called URUXPO '78, the set includes one stamp showing a Ford Model T. The stamps are valued at \$3. To order an uncanceled, numbered set, send a check or money order for \$3.50 (includes postage) payable to Ford (Uruguay) S. A., Casilla de Correo 296, Montevideo, Uruguay, in care of S. L. d'Oliveira, Industrial and Public Relations Manager. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery. □

the man, nipping his ears, nose and ankles with his sharp little teeth. That bum couldn't figure out what was after him. He howled so loud Big Jim, the cop, heard him and came in and hauled him off to jail."

"Couldn't you even try to get Spider to come up and see us?" asked Tommy.

"Not today, son. You see, Spider had a bad scare last night. He's exhausted."

"What happened?"

"See that sink in front of you? Drips all the time. When I closed up last night I forgot to take out the plug. As you can tell, it wouldn't take very long for that sink to fill up."

I moved away from the stove for a better look.

"Spider must have heard water dripping onto the floor and ran up to see what was wrong. Then he jumped up onto the sink and pulled out the plug."

"Ahhh. How could . . ."

"Now one thing Spider can't do is swim," Dad said, pumping the chair higher and turning it to work around an ear. "When he reached in to grab the chain, he slipped right into the water. Down he went. Luckily, he was still holding onto the chain. Pulled himself back up and pushed against the side with his hind feet. He and the chain swung out into the water so hard that the plug came out and the water ran down the drain."

"If you weren't here, how do you know all that?"

"Why, Spider showed me this



morning. All right, all finished, Mike," Dad said, brushing the hair off with the brush with the good smelling powder on it.

"But, how could a little . . ."

"Now let's see. That'll be 15 cents from you and 15 cents from you. Thank you. Everybody out now. I'm hungry."

Dad put the money in the register and took some pennies out of his pocket. He gave us each one. Then he helped me wrap my scarf and pin it.

"Do you think you could get Spider to come up next time?" Tommy asked.

"We'll see," Dad said, opening the door for us to file out. "He's some dog, isn't he? You know, if it weren't for him, I'm not sure I'd know how to cut kids' hair."

I can still remember standing there outside the shop in the snow and icy wind, wondering what Dad meant by that. □

☆☆ For Christmas or Year-Round Giving ☆☆

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION COMES ALIVE IN A TRIBUTE TO AMERICA

READERS of all ages will enjoy this behind-the-scenes look at the American Revolution in *Ford Times'* newest book, *A Tribute to America*. Originally published in *Ford Times* as a series of articles commemorating the American Bicentennial, the stories proved so popular that we collected them into a 192-page hardcover book.

A Tribute to America retells not only the big battles, such as Bunker Hill, but also the lesser known skirmishes such as the Pine Tree Riot; describes not only luminaries such as George Washington but also the women, black soldiers, foreigners and financial wizards who contributed to the war effort; depicts not only the battles but also the clothing, food and general life of those hectic days.

All this, plus 56 full-color illustrations and many black-and-white drawings, make *A Tribute to America*



an appropriate Christmas or year-round gift for young and old alike. Order early to insure delivery before the holidays while copies of this limited edition are in stock. □

FORD BOOKS, Box 60, Dearborn, Michigan 48121

Please send me _____ copies of *A Tribute to America* at \$9.95 per copy, postpaid. Enclosed is my check, payable to FORD BOOKS, for \$ _____.

☐ Check this box if you wish delivery before Christmas. (Orders must be received by December 4 to insure delivery before Christmas.)

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

1979 GRANADA

an American Classic.

**Hood ornaments
are one easy way
to tell Granada
from Mercedes
at a glance...**



GRANADA



MERCEDES

If you sometimes confuse Granada with Mercedes, just check the hood ornaments. Two symbols of two classics.

Compare Granada's elegant style and clean, functional lines with far more expensive cars, like Mercedes.

Granada surrounds you in luxury with your choice of rich cloth fabrics, supple vinyls and color-keyed carpeting.

Before you pay a high price for luxury, pay a visit to your Ford Dealer. Examine the new Granada, an American classic.

**Another way is to look at
Granada's sticker price.**



FORD GRANADA

FORD DIVISION



BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Columbus, Ohio
PERMIT NO. 542

**FORD TIMES
IS SENT TO YOU BY**

MORGAN FORD
ROUTE 70 - P O BOX 416
MEDFORD N J 08055

DELIVER TO

LTD: A NEW AMERICAN ROAD CAR

